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CHORDS OF THE ZITHER
CLINTON SCOLLARD



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CHORDS OF THE ZITHER

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CLINTON SCOLLARD



CLINTON, NEW YORK
GEORGE WILLIAM BROWNING

1910

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*I chafed at the gyves that bound under the western star,
When over the welter of waves a clear voice called from
afar,
And I said, "I will seek once more the Nile and the
nenuphar!"*

*So I strode to the long, low quays, and boarded a deep-
decked bark,
And we plowed through the phosphor seas by the
beacons of day and dark
Till we raised the Gate of the East with the sweep of
its harbor arc.*

*There lay the undulant dunes dull cinnabar in the sun,
A drooping disk in the waves; and the palms rose one
by one,
And the Pillar of Pompey told of a time whose sands
had run.*

*Weirdly the windmills waved, arm upon circling arm;
A flight of flamingoes gave to the heaven a roseate
charm,
And the twilight folded the land as a mother her child
from harm.*

*The conqueror's city glowed with a blending of prisms
shades;
The light of the Pharos flashed like the points of a
myriad blades;
And the hot Khamsin swept out of the night's dim col-
onnades—*

*Swept from the desert's heart, a phantom of fiery breath,
From the wide mysterious wastes where the sere earth
 shriveleth,
Yet it spake with the lure of life not the hollow plaint
 of death.*

*And it bore the old sweet smells — attar, incense and
 nard;
It charmed with the old strange spells that the lost
 years have not scarred,
The tinkle of anklet bells, the lilt of the wandering bard;*

*The jangled cries of the street, music and discord met;
The fountain's lyric purl, the zither's rhythmic fret,
And the rapt muezzin's call from the crest of the minaret.*

*And my soul yearned out to it all like a guest who is
 fain of a feast,
While the cryptic orient stars on the scroll of the sky
 increased,
And "Welcome! welcome! O son!" floated forth from the
 Gate of the East.*

IN THE GRAND BAZAR

In the Grand Bazar of the Damascenes,
With its violet lights and purple sheens,
And sifting in from the outer air
The shimmer of amber here and there,
You may touch through sight and sound and scent
The very heart of the Orient!
Come, then, comrade, and let us drift
With the human tides that part and shift
And surge and jostle, and taste the thrill
Of life that smacks of the desert still,
And keeps some glimmering ghost of the state
Of the glamoured days of the Caliphate!

Haughty of mein and rich of dress,
Saunter the Lords of the Wilderness—
(Mark the pride of Bassan Beni,
Sheik of a wide oasis he)—
With their camel's-hair head-ropes bound with gold
Over silvery kerchiefs fold on fold!
Sellers of sherbet and sellers of sweets,
Venders of spices and milk and meats,
Water-bearers, with cheery chants,
Droning dervishes, mendicants—
Such is the mesh that the motley means
In the Grand Bazar of the Damascenes!

And when the chaffer and din are done,
And the sun dips down behind Lebanon,
And the last of the pilgrim feet has trod
Through Bawabet Ullah, the Gates of God,
And there's never a sign of a veiled face,
Nor a proud Pasha (by Allah's grace!)
Then what a pageant from Timur down
Passes this pathway of old renown,—
Spirits outstolen from paradise
To wander awhile in their earthly guise,
While night, with her spangled mantle, leans
O'er the Grand Bazar of the Damascenes!

THE CARAVAN

From underneath the carob shade,
A wavering line of gray and white,
I watch it lose its form and fade
Like dreams across the face of night.

Whither it goes I can but guess,
Haply where ruined 'Tadmor stands,
The voiceless haunt of loneliness,
Amid the desert's swirling sands;

Or toward the 'Tigris' tawny tide
Into that land of ancient thrift
Where Bagdad's rich bazars spread wide,
And Haroun's minarets uplift;

Or toward the swart Arabian skies,
The home of sempiternal calms,
Where pilgrims seek their paradise
Through Mecca girdled with its palms.

Yet howsoe'er it fares, I fare,
In buoyant spirit I am one
With those that drink the untrammelled air,
The nomad children of the sun.

From camel-back I scan the waste
A fair oasis sign to find,
And stranger to all thoughts of haste
Let my kaffeyeh take the wind.

Sandaled with silence, on I press,
Rousing before the flower of morn,
Through spaces where forgetfulness
Seems to have dwelt since time was born.

And when, with soothing touch, comes night
After the round of jars and joys,
Above the head, in Allah's sight,
The hosts of heaven wheel and poise.

Throughout the strangely tranquil days
I join in prayer and fast and feast,
Looking on life with long, slow gaze
As does the fatalistic East.

And then—and then—the goal!—Ah, me!
At last, wherever rangeth man,
How well we know that there must be
One bourn for every caravan!

MUWAGGAR

Above the walls of Muwaggar
There is no blot on all the blue,
Only the vulture veering through
The azure spaces faint and far.

Within the gates of Muwaggar
There is no warder but the wind;
Only the mole, that burrower blind,
Where prone the once proud portals are.

Along the streets of Muwaggar
There is no smoke of sacrifice;
No garland laid, in votive wise,
To any low or lordly Lar.

Silence and Death in Muwaggar
Have held supreme their citadel
How long no tongue of man may tell,
Without or let or ban or bar.

Silence and Death in Muwaggar
Will keep their triumph stronghold still,
Aye, even until the Eternal Will
Sunders from space the sun and star!

THE TOMB OF BIZZOS

(Syria)

O'er Bizzos, son of Pardos, when he died,
A skillful builder reared a noble tomb,
Toiling until it marked the very bloom
Of his rich art—a work that has defied
For years unnumbered time's relentless tide.
Its rare perfection lifts the pall of gloom
From death, and we forget the pallid plume
In dome and door, the unknown sculptor's pride.

Bizzos, the son of Pardos!—worthy man—
So the inscription o'er the portal shows;
And yet—and yet—ah, curious irony
That he, and not the marvellous artisan
Whose genius through each line of marble glows
Should have achieved to immortality!

LOOKING DOWN FROM LEBANON

Strains of lutes and sweet recorders,
These the lips of morning bore;
Roseate were the bloomy borders
Of the Galilean shore.
Through the blossoms up we mounted
Till the crowning crest we won,
And earth's ancient kingdoms counted,
Looking down from Lebanon!

There was Tyre, the myriad-towered;
(Where was her tiara now?)
There was Sidon, palm-embowered,
Once so golden bright of brow;
There where stretched the parched, unpitied
Hauran in the flaming sun,
Naught to see but wastes uncitied,
Looking down from Lebanon!

By the Jordan's lyric fountains
Dan was as a buried shard;
Round Samaria 'mid her mountains
Snarled the surly jackal guard;
Yet from this despoilment cruel
Still there shone resplendent one
Beaming like a gleaming jewel,
Looking down from Lebanon!

Aye, an opal glancing, glowing,
Every lovely shifting shade
Of an orient rainbow showing,—
Beauty's very soul displayed;
Such Damascus seemed, its story
By some marvellous genie spun,
Viewed, a radiant dream of glory,
Looking down from Lebanon!

Orchard-close and garth and garden,—
Orange, citron, almond gloom,—
Where the rose is ever warden,
And the jasmines always bloom!
Where from living wells eternal
Singing waters leap and run,
Scene inviolate and vernal
Looking down from Lebanon!

Here a minaret tapering slender
As a shaft of amber light;
There a watch-tower, stark defender
Of the Saracenic might!
Unbelievers, they may scoff it!—
Not so Allah's chosen son!
"It is Paradise!" quoth the Prophet,
Looking down from Lebanon!

Alpine summits, heights Andean,
And those purple peaks that rise
Toward the arching empyrean
Where the fair Pacific lies,—
Grant these all their wealth of wonder,
But give me, when night is done,
Just to be, the blue skies under,
Looking down from Lebanon!

THERE WAS AN ARCH AT BANIAS

There was an arch at Banias,
A gateway builded royally,
Whereon was graved for man to see,—
For every traveler that might pass,—
O'er all beneath the wheeling sun
There rules supreme one Allah,—one!

Crumbled that arch at Bānias,
No more than shard or shattered stone
Round which the mountain winds make moan;
Yet still, howe'er the ages pass,
O'er all beneath the wheeling sun
There rules supreme one Allah,—one!

SHIPS OF THE DESERT

Ships of the desert, whither are you bound,
 Gliding as silent as white barks at sea
Across a shimmering level waste, profound
 In its immensity?

Ships of the desert, I would voyage with you;
 Buoy me and bear me, a most willing thrall,
One of the tawny, of the turbaned crew
 Of your swart ammiral!

Rare eastern unguents, fabrics of rich looms,
 Jars brimmed with myrrh and bales of costly spice,
Attars distilled from velvet-petalled blooms
 And gems of princely price,—

These are your burdens, yet it is not these
 That lure my spirit o'er you burning zone,
But the sun-spell, the evasive mysteries
 That gird the vast unknown!

For somewhere there, undesecrate, apart,
 In all its virgin loveliness of guise,
A something whispers to my wandering heart
 That earth's lost Eden lies!

FLOWERS

Over each Syrian hillslope,
And up each Syrian glen,
Behold the billows of poppies,
Lupin and cyclamen!

Here swayed the mightiest armies,
A turbulent human flood,
And here the innocent meadows
Were dyed with innocent blood!

Darius and Alexander,—
Conquered and conqueror!
How the flowers, the faithful flowers,
Follow the feet of War!

WELID, THE WATER-BEARER

It fell in the time of famine that the water-springs ran
dry,
For rillet, and well, and fountain were lapped by the
thirsty sky
That burned day-long with a fever, and lay through the
night a-swoon
In heat that hung like a halo round the disk of the lurid
moon.
The fruit on the bough was wizened, and the grain in
the field was dead;
The sheep were faint on the hillside, the kine were faint
in the shed;
And prayer arose in the morning, ere the hoarse muez-
zin cried,
And prayer was heard at nightfall long after the twi-
light died.
Now the days of evil strengthened with the wane of each
heavy hour,
And Welid, the water-bearer, had never a coin for
dower,
For the frenzied people flouted that he bore them bitter
drink
From the parching pools of the desert with salt like
foam at the brink.

And there sat as guest at his hearthstone Despair of
the icy breath,
And he felt a grip at his heart-strings, the clutch of
the hand of Death.

But lo, in the noon's hot languor his soul went out in
a dream,

And he stood in a land of plenty on the bank of a crystal
stream;

And there he beheld beside him a man with a godlike
face,

Whose presence clothed with a glory the whole of the
vernal place!

Green was the hue of his turban, and the robe that he
wore was white,

And the poor man knew the Prophet by the flood of the
heavenly light,

And he fell on his knees before him and covered his
dazzled eyes.

"Arise!" said the one immortal, "O my faithful ser-
vant, rise!

Thou shalt bring to my suffering people a boon from
the heart of earth;

In the castle rock-well olden this hour hath a fountain
birth

Where never, in ken of the living, hath a drop of water
rilled,

But now, behold, thou wilt find it with the wine of nature
filled!

The voice of prayer is answered that ye firm in faith
abide;

No more by the fire of famine and thirst shall the land
be tried."

The vision paled and vanished, and Welid arose and ran
Through the fervid streets of the city like a fever-mad-
dened man.

He won to the ancient castle that gloomed from its
craggy height,

A bulwark to Arab armies in the press of the stubborn
fight;

And there, amid braided brambles, where the ramparts
reared o'erhead,

Did a fount gush cool and limpid, as the shining one had
said.

Then the joyful man toward Mecca bowed thrice the
fount beside,—

"Thou hast saved thy people, Allah, through thy hum-
blest child!" he cried.

TWO RIDERS

With Nahar sitting in his goat's-hair tent
(Nahar the just, the owner of fat flocks)
While o'er the fire the fragrant coffee bean
Simmered and sung, I heard the hurry of hoofs,
And one stood in the doorway. Nahar cried,
Upon him gazing kindly, "Welcome, friend,
And in the Prophet's name! Who rides with thee?"
Answered the other, entering, "Only Allah!"

UNDER THE CAROB BOUGH

Under the bough of a carob
We sat till the sun sank low,
And the love song of an Arab
Came up through the afterglow.

It held our silent heeding
From tremulous start to fall,
With its little catch of pleading
At each drooping interval.

And sudden it all grew clearer,—
What I yearned so to express;
And I knew you were leaning nearer
With a smiling tenderness.

Ah, a lonely heart goes roaming,
And again I long for it now,—
That hour in the Syrian gloaming
Under the carob bough!

STARS OVER EGYPT

We are the orbs eternal
Lighting the outer void,
Blossoms forever vernal,
Aster and asteroid;
Isis and Osiris
And Ammon, what are they?
They are as marsh fire is;
We are for aye and a day!

The Serapeum solemn,
The Sphinx with brooding lid,
Capital and column,
Pylon and pyramid,
Memnon's silenced singing
Under the dawning ray—
They are as swallows winging;
We are for aye and a day!

When ne'er a Pharos flaming
Brightens the whelmèd earth,
When man shall have done with naming
The creatures of mortal birth,
When all the creeds have crumbled
As crumbles the potter's clay,
We shall abide unhumbled;
We are for aye and a day!

IN THE VALE OF MEDJ-EL-HAR

Bleak above brood peaks of peril,—
Umber streaked with cinnabar,—
While below stretch meads of beryl
In the vale of Medj-el-Har.

When dawn breaks or daytime closes
Blow no wanton winds to mar
The soft swaying of the roses
In the vale of Medj-el-Har.

Nightingales their love-notes olden
Lift to greet the vesper star;
E'en the silences are golden
In the vale of Medj-el-Har.

Lovely lote and graceful osier,
Waters like the clear Pharpar,
To the eye yield rapt disclosure
In the vale of Medj-el-Har.

Mosque and khan and highway babel,
Chaffer of the loud bazar,
Faint they are as tongues of fable
In the vale of Medj-el-Har.

All the blisses dreamed by mortals,
Life and love without a scar,
Wait beyond the shining portals
In the vale of Medj-el-Har.

FAITHS

Anubis and Osiris, Bast and Baal,
These faiths are as blown sand before the wind,
And where redoubtable Ammon was enshrined
Only the prowling desert beasts prevail.
Prone are the temples in the Delphian dale,
And the Cumean sibyl who shall find?
Proud Astoreth from glory has declined,
And Thor is but a dim-remembered tale.

Their signs and symbols are but perished things,
Engulfed for aye in the abyss of night;
But one clear star its fadeless splendor flings
Adown the years unchanging to the sight,
And though death winnow with its darksome wings
Still points the way unto the Perfect Light!

JERBA

Jerba, the sheik, who ruled the Ben Shamar,
Lay groveling in the doorway of his tent,
For tyrannous despair had stormed his heart
And banished hope. Around, the brazen noon
Shimmered with maddening lustre on the sand.
Within, the women moaned; and by the well,
Beneath the breezeless shadow of the palms,
The children whimpered. Parched the pastures were
Wanting the silvery benison of showers;
One after one had failed the lagging flock,
While all save chaff had vanished of the grain
That many a day had held gaunt famine off.
In vain had prayers at rise and set of sun,
At midnight, and the fever of high noon,
Been lifted up to Allah. Not a sign
To suppliant man gave back the cruel sky.
And now to Jerba, pinched and haggard-eyed,
Out of the blistering waste rode strangers twain,
And craved both food and shelter at his hand.

Shame sits forever on the brow of him
Who sends the traveler hungry from his door,
And though sharp anguish thorned him to the heart,
Forth from his tent went Jerba, head down-bent,
The poignance of his sorrow moving him
Until his footsteps faltered. Thus he came

Unto the tether of his faithful steed,
The horse that oft had borne him fleet and far,
Whose noble sire might well have been the wind
So swift he was. Here, sobbing, on his knees
The sheik sank, raising one more trustful prayer
To him who reigns supreme in paradise.
Then, his fine features grim with stern resolve,
The word "forgiveness" poised upon his lip,
For to his soul it seemed the steed must know,
He drew his scimitar. It poised in air,
Glittered a second, golden in the sun,
When, hark,—a cry, wherethrough vibrated joy!
And as he set eyes on the long-watched east,
Lo, there the angel of deliverance dawned,
For those strange desert-ships, the camels, came
With opulent cargo!

Round his horse's neck
With passionate tenderness clasped Jerba's arms;
"Great is thy name, O Allah!" low he cried,
"Nor fail thy benefactions to that man
Who, sorely tried, grips duty still to heart!"

SYRIAN LOVE SONG

There's a glade amid the mountains
 (Lovely glade!)
Glamoured by the flash of fountains
 And the cedar shade;
There the moon seems wrought of amber,
 And the stars;
And the roses coil and clamber
 Round Zuleika's casement bars!

Hasten, hasten, bear me thither,
 Eager feet!
Be in tune, O throbbing zither,
 With a music sweet!
Aid me, love, fitly to fashion
 (Aid me, stars!)
Words to voice my ardent passion
 'Neath Zuleika's casement bars!

Lo, a shadowy bar uncloses
 To disclose
Her fair face among the roses
 Radiant as a rose!
Gleaming eyes the gloom have rifted,
 (Wondrous stars!)
And my heart by love is lifted
 To Zuleika's casement bars!

GATH

Pillar and plinth o'erthrown,
Stone upon toppled stone
With the lean lichen grown,—
Cairn by a desert path,—
And this is Gath!

Only the lizard sly,
Only the vulture high
In the burnt vault of sky;
Glory—its aftermath!
And this is Gath!

THE CENSER

To one who prayed beneath a lentisk bough
Outcried a curious passer, "What art thou?"
The kneeling devotee made quick reply—
"In Allah's mosque, the world, a censer I;
And daily, morn and noon and night, I raise
Unto his throne my frankincense of praise."

GOLDEN-EYES

Golden-Eyes, let us resume
That remote, rich-remembered hour
When the poppies were in bloom
By the old clepsydra tower!
Crimson roses let us twine,
Garlands from the myrtle tree,
Votive wreaths for Ishtar's shrine
By the blue Sidonian sea!

Warders by the water wall,
We will hear their deep-voiced hail,
And the immemorial thrall
Of the hidden nightingale,—
Atys whose sore-burdened heart
Is through chords of melody
Eased of sorrow and its smart
By the blue Sidonian sea!

We will hark the tettix shrill
Its long-drawn, persistent note;
List the lute-tones of the rill
Rippling from its silvern throat;
From the braided laurel shade
Watch the sun droop royally,
Love-beguiled man and maid
By the blue Sidonian sea!

Life will be for us a cup
With the wine of joy a-brim;
We will lift the chalice up
While the day grows dusk and dim; . . .
Once again, in haunting wise,
Comes the magic dream to me,—
Comes the dream of Golden-Eyes
By the blue Sidonian sea!

A PRISONER IN ARABY

My body is stayed by iron bars,
But my spirit is as free
As the wind that wanders beneath the stars,
Or the foal of the Nedjidee.

So I mount and ride through the spacious night
Toward a far oasis well,
And ere ever the palm trees lift in sight
I am shaken under a spell.

For one there waits in her goat's-hair tent
For my coming in yearning wise;
And no planet in all the firmament
Has the light of her loving eyes.

No bird of song in a Meccan bower
Her tender voice can eclipse;
And there never blossomed a mountain flower
With the fragrance of her lips.

Fleet as a hind in the midnight gleam
I steal to her tent door lone,
And she opens her arms in a waking dream,
And whispers, "my own! my own!"

They may fetter my body with gyve and bond
Their prison gates behind,
But, by Allah above, in the Great Beyond,
My spirit they cannot bind!

A MUEZZIN

“*Allah il Allah!*” thus his matin cry
O’er the awakened city floats abroad,
Rings through the spaces of the morning sky,—
“There is no God but God!”

Albeit his lips thus loudly part in prayer,
Anon he goes to haggle in the mart
Where his shrewd, avaricious eyes declare
Greed is his god at heart!

TIBERIAS

By the clear margin of the sea
Of mountain-guarded Galilee,
Well-nigh forsaken and forgot,
A shunned and evil-omened spot
It seems to all who pause or pass,—
Tiberias! Tiberias!

Bearing the name of him who thrust
On Rome his wolfish love of lust,
Builded by him whose fell intent
Judea's babes to slaughter sent,
Dire was its fathering,—alas,
Tiberias! Tiberias!

And so it stands, a memory,
By Galilee's blue-bosomed sea,
Of wantonness and pride o'erthrown;
Hark how the dirging winds intone
O'er it their melancholy mass!—
Tiberias! Tiberias!

NIGHT IN LEBANON

Noon of night in Lebanon!
What a gathering-place for dreams!
Little silver-tongued streams
Singing all in unison;
And that lutantist, the wind,
Sowing fallow fields of air
With his music-seeds that find
Mellow nurture everywhere,
Flowering into long delight;—
Lebanon at noon of night!

Noon of night in Lebanon!
Sibyl whispers from the trees,
Omens, portents, prophecies;
And the gracious benison
Of the hand of solitude,
Freeing from doubt's cruel clutch,
Healing every bitter mood
With the magic of its touch,
Giving sense a wider sight;—
Lebanon at noon of night!

Noon of night in Lebanon!
O to linger, O to wait
At the morning's darkened gate
For the coming of the sun!
With the rapture of escape
From the world in every vein,
And the fragrance of the grape
Blent with every breeze we drain!
God's clear stars above the height;—
Lebanon at noon of night!

MOONLIGHT IN THE DESERT

We saw the moon ascend the skies
As though to music chorded deep,—
Sweet, super-earthly harmonies
Swept through the great, calm halls of Sleep.

Then in ethereal equipoise
It seemed to hang, a bubble blown
Of tenuous gold, as pure as joy's
First ecstasy in Eden known.

And lo, a miracle! for all
That arid waste, compact of gloom,
And unto desolation thrall,
Was as a garden girt with bloom.

Topaz and veined amethyst
The paths that wended up and down;
And in a veil of violet mist
The distances appeared to drown.

Despite we knew that dawn would show
But hideous sand-blight to our eyes,
So strong the spell it was as though
We stood in Allah's paradise.



IN A SNOWSTORM

You see in yon blind swirl that blurs the sky,
Sharp winter's admonition; the chill threat
That days tempestuous above us set
At last to its white climax brought; but I,
Through some strange magic of the mind, descry
A shower of citron blossoms 'neath whose net
All save youth's passionate glamour I forget
In a walled garden of old Tripoli.

In the blast's swoop and eddy you discern
Only mad discords, warped and tortured strings
Swept by insensate winter's cruel hand;
While I toward strains of rapturous music turn,
Moved to fond dreams, to sweet imaginings,
By love's low lutings in a summer land.

A SYRIAN MEMORY

Do you recall that night at Kerf Hawar,
The still air fragrant with some soft perfume,
And the refulgent glory of one star
High in the sky above old Nimrod's tomb?

The gushing stream by which we loved to rove,
The slowly-rising moon's enamored tale,
And in the quiet of the poplar grove
The tuneful passion of the nightingale?

The wastes wide-reaching where the jackals cried
And phantom figures seemed to come and go,
And o'er us, like a monarch in his pride,
Majestic Hermon with his crown of snow?

The slender maiden of mysterious guise,
The beauteous one who bore the water-jar,
And all the orient witchery of her eyes—
Do you recall that night at Kerf Hawar?

DEAD CITIES

Not one stone on another may you find,
Where the stark plain lies bare beneath the sun,
And desolation holds dominion dun,
And ghostlike whispers shiver down the wind.
No fair fruit swells to burst the ripened rind,
Adown the slopes no singing rillels run;
Each feathered migrant seems the spot to shun
As though grim Pestilence were there enshrined.

Yet there once bourgeoned green fertility,
The waste was opulent with oil and wine,
And multi-colored life knew wide control;—
Friend, may thine eyes, reverting, never see,
As the swift-shortening days of age decline,
These Sodoms and Gomorrahs of the soul!

A SARABAND

And then she trod a subtle saraband,
She who was grace's lithe embodiment,
Holding within her eyes, where brooded night,
The glow and glamour of some orient land;
And weaving with a wafture of her hand
A sense-ensnaring spell wherein were blent
All witcheries of delight.

Strange lights and shadows hid within her hair
Wherethrough was shot a tiny shaft of gold;
Her feet were sandaled as with Psyche's wings;
And to a haunting, yet evasive, air
She glided here, poised, dipped and darted there,
Recoiled, and waved one gleaming, gauzy fold
With tender languishings.

Then failed she like blown vapor, or a star
Plucked from the midnight's purple mysteries
And cast into the outer void afar;
And while methought I still could hear her sighs
I stumbled out of dream, and there were *you*
Smiling upon me, real and fond and true,
With your all-loving eyes!

*Night and the desert and the quenchless stars,—
Unfathomed mysteries,—
The door whereto no mortal key unbars,
Lo, all things change but these!*

*Night and the desert and the quenchless stars,—
I who have known your spell,
Shall I, one day, when Death's dark door unbars,
Learn the unfathomable?*

EP 29 19.1

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Oct. 2009

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